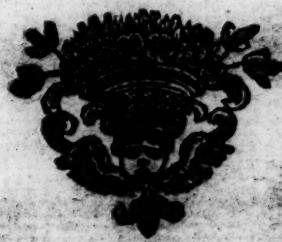


THE
C A P T I V E.



BY MARIA BARRELL,

AT THE
KING's BENCH.

L O N D O N,

P R I N T E D I N T H E Y E A R
M D C C X C.



1771. 1. 1.

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DEDICATION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES.

ROYAL SIR,

IN addressing your Royal Highness from the gloomy walls of a prison, permit me to hope I have two apologies, your high rank, and the benevolence of a soul replete with every virtue that can adorn the liberal mind; to those I appeal for an unpermitted liberty I have dared to take, in dedicating the following pages to your Royal Patronage. A mind wounded by disappointment, and harrassed by scenes of sorrow almost incredible, can claim but little merit in the productions of its pen, but it may hope for a favourable review, as being actuated by the feelings of humanity, a passion that burns

A 2 with

with so pure a flame, through all the race of the illustrious House of Brunswick, that needs no comment. Your power, Royal Sir, will not fail being exerted, nor your pity want its usual philanthropy, when you are told that thousands of unhappy subjects of your Royal House, lie drooping to a miserable end by the power of individuals, who, from a thirst of greater profit in the advanced price, credit a man whose only fault is wishing to improve a desperate fortune, the fatal consequences of insolvency.

The high seat you hold, the generous sigh you will send for such sorrows, will plead for the intrusion of, Sir,

most Your Royal Highness's

Most obedient, and most Loyal,

M. BARRELL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS little production the Authoress wished to have appeared much earlier, had not the money designed for the purpose been ungenerously withheld by a Mr. D—— W——, to whose hands it was intrusted, who taking the advantage of the same helpless and confined state of which his Father is yet a sharer, cruelly betrayed the confidence reposed in him: various were her applications to several printers for the immediate publication, but in vain; she found that a condemnation to the sad regions of a living grave, was a sufficient apology for a refusal. Happily she has obtained one in the present, nor will (she hopes) her gratitude be wanting to express a sense of the obligation, and though wrote in the style was never intended for the stage, but humbly meant to raise the feelings of an illustrious senate in our favour, and enervate the uplifted arm of mean revenge, wishing to crush the hapless insolvent.

Wrote amid the horrors of a prison, the least of which has not been the last experienced by the unhappy writer, during a long and oppressive persecution, it is hoped the candid reader will permit the rising sigh for sorrows he may never know, and suppress the severity of a critic's pen, nor dash its uncorrected errors by a condemnation of its faults.

P R E F A C E.

IN a moment when barbarians listen with horror to the miseries of a Bastile, and every generous Briton's bosom burns with indignation, at the sufferings of a few unfortunates, who, wanting power or servility to sooth the vanity of some dignified character, feel the full force of an unmerited resentment in perpetual confinement; here debarred the light of day, and the sweet converse of a faithful wife or beloved infants, they groan out a wretched existence with this only hope, their persecutors may one day relent, and dare seize that life already of too long a date.

But while we exult with a noble, with a British joy, at the destruction of that vile fabric, and look with pleasing astonishment on the firm basis of liberty, rear'd by men whom long tyranny and oppression had hardly left a recollection of the word and its expanded meaning, a place in their long-fettered minds; - - - - - let us, my friends, and fellow countrymen, you whose glorious ancestors have made Old Rome tremble at their hardy prowess, and whose love of the dear bought blessing, has been carefully inculcated in your early minds, whose infant lips have sucked the love of liberty, and been lulled to sleep with praises of your great forefathers valour:

Nor have yourselves been tardy in enduring the winter's cold and summer's heat, to make this happy spot the seat of the lovely goddess.

This sea surrounded isle fair freedom's spot,
Our great forefather's gift a Briton's lot;
Let not her wreath from us be basely thrown,
To seek a shelter in the torrid zone;
The bondag'd sons of Africa to free,
And leave in bonds the sons of liberty.

For this you have crossed the most dangerous seas, and braved the utmost bounds of a then unexplored continent. Alas! for what? to fall a sacrifice to some unworthy mind, whose utmost knowledge reaches to cent per cent, and whose contracted ideas only inform him he can throw that body in a loathsome prison, which has been too often covered over with wounds for his safety, only because a helpless wife and little infants had eat his bitter bread in their dear protector's absence.

Instantly on his landing on his long loved regretted shore, and before the surf had well washed his feet from hostile sands, or his anxious eyes beheld his lovely charge, the sons of lawful rapine seize and drag him to a County Gaol; here the lovely partner of his sorrow is refused the poor privilege of weeping out the hour of misery apart, the eye of a keeper, watches and measures the moments of indulgence; no tears, no supplications can prevail: she must retire with this sad reflection. She, however innocent, is the cause of his captivity. Here the child of sorrow may sigh whole years, pining under a variety of woe, too proud to ask relief from unfeeling opulence, and too feeble to obtain it, he sinks under the hard hand of oppression.

pression, leaving the dear partner of his once happier days, and the sweet pledges of connubial love, to weep her hour of misery over her fatherless babes, made so by the cruel police of a country, whose grand bulwark is trade and commerce.

Oh! my countrymen, let us unite in petitioning that great, that august assembly, where wisdom and virtue take their seat, in whose generous bosoms not only commiseration for their unfortunate countrymen take place, but the slave-born African have met a benevolent interposition.

They will look on the distress of numbers wandering on foreign shores, or dying in the recess of a gloomy prison without pity.

Alas! where is the utility of inhumation, depriving society of its useful members, and filling our miserable receptacles of wretched penury, with the wives and children of the unhappy insolvent. Far better were the ancient laws of Maryland, which doomed a debtor to a certain number of years servitude till by that mode he was returned to life and liberty: here the unhappy man had hope for his support: each night he laid down on his straw bed, his sleep was found as it lessened a day of his affliction; the morning brought him labour, food, and raiment: thus he lived free from the terrors of famine, indulging the pleasing idea he was not totally useless to society, or the fond one, that each sun that gilt the surrounding mountains lessened a day of probation from his much loved family.

Far less are the comforts that attend us, and far greater our thoughts. Here the affectionate husband sighs the absence of a faithful wife, and vents his fruitless curses on the unoffending walls, which doom him during a stern plaintiff's cruel pleasure, to the separation from her whom divine

law says, "No man shall put asunder." The tender father sees his helpless innocents lift their little hands in vain for his protection, his hands are fettered, and the big drop bedews his manly cheek, at the sad recollection he is incapable to assist the babes of his heart.

The widowed mother weeps over her fatherless infants distress, and clasps the tender pledges of her love in an agony of blis: through the sad optics of her glistening eye, she views their dear regretted father's image. Alas! no longer does the lovely image sooth her grief-struck bosom: she sees them, but as the tender shoots of a withered plant: no branch, no leaf for shelter to their infant buds, but left exposed to the rude blasts of alluring destruction.

Our youth, the flower of Britain, either seek protection in foreign bands, and unwilling turn their lifted sabre against their country, or lie enerveted in the loathsome Caverns of a Gaol: here want and sorrow fits pining on their damask cheek, or the wild fallies of a fertile fancy lead them to a dissipation they never thought of. Here they shake the rattling dice box, to drown the surrounding groan of wretchedness, or toss the flying ball to suppress the heaving sigh: thus the amusement they at first considered as an innocent relaxation from corroding sorrow, becomes habitual, and if ever released from this mansion of misery, they are only fit to return; or finding their vices shunned by all thinking men, they stop at nothing to drown reflection, and in the zenith of their days are made a sad example to a numerous set of unfeeling gazers.

I am led into these reflections by a catastrophe which but too recently happened within these walls, the first reputed Prisons in Europe, and is but too faintly described, though happening in one or other

other of our Gaols daily; here, the cruel Plaintiff smiles at death in all its horrors, and thinks it hardly a discharge for monies lent on exorbitant interest, or goods purchased at a shameful price, though known at the same moment they are so bought: they are seldom unfolded till exposed to sale at some midnight auction, of which this town is too replete, and often does the creditor buy back his own goods at a cent less: again he trusts, and again he purchases: How can such a man, who literally never was a loser, (rather a gainer) throw a fellow-creature into a helpless prison?

Oh! Britain, seek into the impositions, and you will pity and relieve the distresses of a people more misled than guilty, restore to them the first and greatest human blessings, *liberty*. Thousands of unhappy vagrants (for such inhuman police terms us) and permit them once more by an industrious attention to their various employments, speak that gratitude to the worthy legislative body they have no other way to express.

Should this meet with a favourable reception from an impartial public, or raise one voice in the first senate in the world, the Authoress is well repaid for all the tears her own and others woes, have cost her for five years of melancholy captivity.

5 million residents in 2000, and it is projected to grow to 6.5 million by 2010. The city's population is projected to grow to 7.5 million by 2020. The city's population is projected to grow to 8.5 million by 2030. The city's population is projected to grow to 9.5 million by 2040. The city's population is projected to grow to 10.5 million by 2050. The city's population is projected to grow to 11.5 million by 2060. The city's population is projected to grow to 12.5 million by 2070. The city's population is projected to grow to 13.5 million by 2080. The city's population is projected to grow to 14.5 million by 2090. The city's population is projected to grow to 15.5 million by 2100.

PROLOGUE.

To night our Authoress with tearful eye,
Attempts the powers of her pen to try:
Diffident and fearful, see her trembling stand,
A captive stranger in her native land,
While by her widow'd side two Orphans wait,
Who might have well deserv'd a better fate;
Like Heartly, she's experienc'd many a grief,
Like Heartly, she has met but small relief:
A sacrifice to mony-lenders base,
Those pests, to human nature a disgrace,
And you who make the British circle shine, [To the Boxes.]
Whose generous pity reach beyond the line;
Whose beauteous bosoms with each virtue glow,
Whose eyes drop pearls for Afric's bondag'd woe;
You whose sweet lips so well can plead the cause
Of foreign slaves purchas'd by foreign laws:
Draw home your pity to your native shore,
For this one night domestic ills deplore:
Worse than the African view a brother's fate,
Forlorn and weeping through a prison grate,
Condemn'd in wretched penury to lie
His mighty crime unseen insolvency;
Oh! where's the merchant, who this crime can shun?
Whose vessel scuds before a clouded sun,
While lash'd unto her helm the Pilot stand,
And on her lee-beams lies a dreadful strand
The vessel breaks, lives, property is gone,
And he the poor insolvent weeps alone:
A fate the industrious Farmer too may moan;
If cattle die, or blighted lay his corn,
Fire, the Tradesman's ruin and his bane,
In one night robs him of whole years of gain;
If some stern Creditor then make demand,
Worse than the African in a Christian land,
He's doom'd to waste his early day of life,
Depriv'd the pleasing converse of a wife,
A tender offspring smiles no more to see,
Nor hear their infant prattle at his knee,
Cold bed of straw, and Prison is his lot,
By father, friends, and all the world forgot;
Oh! would our senate but some pity shew,
And freedom with the African bestow,
What grateful prayers to heaven's high arch would raise,
And British worth receive a Britain's praise.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Captain Heartly, a Prisoner to Teasewell,
Humanicus, Head Keeper of the Prison,
Trueman, Prisoner to Benevolus, and Servant
to Heartly,
Benevolus, Plaintiff to Trueman,
Teasewell, Plaintiff to Heartly,
Surly, under Turnkey,
Charles, Heartly's Son,

W O M E N.

Amelia, Wife to Heartly,
Eliza, Amelia's Friend,
Harriot, Daughter to Heartly.

Debtors, Felons, &c. &c.

THE CAPTIVE.

ACT I. SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Amelia, with Charles and Harriot. Amelia
knocks at the Gates of a Prison.

SURLY within. **W**HO's there?

AMELIA. A friend.

SURLY. A friend, why so the world calls many
a knave; but if a man is not his own friend it's
but little he can hope from such fine gentry: But
mistress, what's your will?

AMELIA. I'd speak to Captain Hearnly, who
I learn, is a prisoner here.

SURLY. Yes, yes, we have him safe enough,
but you can't see him.

AMELIA. Why not? I am his wife.

SURLY.

SURLY. The very reason why you must not see him, I've more pity for the man in his last moments, than see him tormented with a noisy wife and bawling brats.

AMELIA. My husband dying! and I refused to see him; for pity's sake! for these dear infant's sake! admit me for a moment.

CHARLES. Good Jailor, give us leave to see our Father.

SURLY. Jailor—I say Jailor, I—

AMELIA. Pardon him, he meant not an offence. I have no money, but accept this ring, it's the dear pledge of our connubial loves.

SURLEY. Well, Mistress you may see him, but can't stay long.

AMELIA. Blest permission! [Exit with Surly.

SCENE, inside of a Prison, a number of debtors and felons walking in the yard, the latter iron'd. Amelia enters with the Children and Surly. As she crosses the yard, one of the felons pick Amelia's pocket of a bandkerchief, and walks off.

AMELIA. Where's my Heartly?

SURLY. This way, Madama. [Exit.

SCENE,

SCENE changes to a long miserable Apartment:—discovers Heartly on a straw Pallet, supported by Trueman. Amelia, enters and looking wildly round, sees a groope of captives, who retire.

AMELIA. Where is my Heartly! shall I never see him?

HEARTLY. (attempting to rise) What angel voice calls Heartly? My Amelia! Why have you left a father's arms for this sad scene of woe?—

[sinks down.]

AMELIA. Heartly—Art thou my Heartly! on whose face I've gazed whole days—alas! how chang'd.—Oh! my dear husband, why was I not apprised of this before? for though I could not relieve by sharing, I might have lessen'd half your grief.

HEARTLY. My best Amelia! why should I rob you of that protection your angry father has refused to me, when all he asked to own again his daughter was such a sacrifice?—Heaven knows with what reluctance I parted with you! my heart I thought could bear no greater woe; but what I suffer now, convinces me the human frame can bear a large increase: what I have met was what I least expected; but may the all-ruling Power, the great Disposer of events, forgive my cruel plaintiff, and protect my dear wife and children.

SURLY. Come, Madam, you must stay no longer; I have business, and will not leave you.

TRUEMAN. A few moments pray allow; it's the last, I fear, my dear Mistress will ever have with my most honoured master.

SURLY. I tell you, Trueman, I will not stay; my time is more precious than listening to idle complaints, and foolish womens tears. *[During this speech, Amelia and Heartly embrace the Children, and weep.]*

TRUEMAN. Surly, can you behold those pitiable objects, and not give a moment's indulgence; a little moment leave them—a luxury of woe is all they ask?

SURLY. I will not—so Mistress come away.

TRUEMAN. I pri'thee let me plead? had you once seen that man as I have, wading through a field of blood to save his scattered troops; seen him with his unstaunched wounds, support a dying soldier in his arms, or laying his deathlike sword with slaughter round him, forcing a passage through whole ranks of foes, you would not now withhold a little mercy.

SURLY. Mercy!—I know not its mighty meaning—he's here a prisoner, what's his courage to me? let him ask mercy from his country; if he has done all these great things, why let it protect him: he don't seem any the fatter for his honour now.

HEARTLY. Amelia, we must part! no tears, no supplications, will prevail over that hardened brute.

AMELIA.

AMELIA. A little while—a moment—

SURLY. [pulling Amelia] Come, Madam, what signifies this whining.

AMELIA. Heartly—Heartly—save me from—

[Faints.]

Enter Humanicus with Eliza.

HUMANICUS. Here, Madam, is the gentleman you want. What means this violence? [to Surly.

CHARLES. Oh, Sir! protect my mother from this cruel man! he wants to tear us from our dear father.—Mother, look up, heaven sends a friend, for in his face good nature reigns.

HUMAN. Begone, unfeeling wretch! is not the sufferings of a prison enough, but you must add to them unmerited acts of cruelty.

SURLY. Why what have I—

HUMAN. Begone! [Exit Surly.

[To Amelia] Madam, look up, here's a friend I hope will bring you comfort.

ELIZA. Would to heaven, I am not too late, and for your kindness accept my thanks. [Offers a purse.

HUMAN. I thank you, Madam, but my salary is enough for my real wants, and for extra one's, God forbid I should prey on distress.

ELIZA. Thou generous man!—Amelia, I little thought to meet you here; learning Captain Heartly's misfortunes, I flew to offer what little service my powers could command.

[whispers to Humanicus, who retires.

TRUEMAN. (*Kneeling by Amelia*) Rise, Madam, your husband lives, and all may yet be well.

AMELIA. As to the voice of heaven could I listen to such a charm—And lives my Heartly!—Heartly, the savage tyger would have torn me from you. Eliza here! then I am blest indeed—Oh! my friend—my Heartly—see how changed—funk, Eliza, are those eyes, and faint that tongue which used to charm all hearts. [*tthrows herself on Heartly's bed in speechless agony.*]

HEARTLY. Weep not, Amelia, it's the will of that supreme Being, from whose decrees there can be no appeal—the stern hand of death lies heavy on me; yet would I struggle with the unwelcome summons a little while——It's too late, exhausted nature feels her scanty powers.

Enter Humanicus with some Refreshments.

HUMANICUS. Come, Sir, a little nourishment, and the pleasure of your friends, may yet revive you.

ELIZA. Captain Heartly, try a little wine, it will relieve your fainting spirits.

HEARTLY. Dear Madam, forbear your goodness, my clammed tongue cleaves to its roof—assistance comes too late, my famish'd soul too long wanted food—but Oh, kind heaven! if ever truth and innocence deserve thy care, protect my dear Amelia, and my children; nor let the sufferings I have justly merited, fall on their unoffending heads.

AMELIA.

THE CAPTIVE.

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AMELIA. Heartly, will you not live to bless
your poor Amelia?

HUMAN. Try, Sir, to take some small refresh-
ment; I will myself go to your plaintiff, and win
him here: the sight of so much innocence and
beauty, will surely plead; happy if I can be the
minister of joy. [Exit.]

AMELIA. Sure providence has sent this wor-
thy man to save us, and we shall still be happy.

HEARTLY. (*fainting*) Trueman—a little water.

TRUE. Master, my honoured Sir, revive and
bless your faithful servant; have we for this then
borne the sultry heat, and winters cold, chasing
the flying foe from field to field, weary and famish-
ing have we renew'd the charge, and is a prison
our reward?—Ungrateful country.

HEART. Trueman, forbear; our country is not
in fault; to that are due our lives and fortunes,
nor are we to blame, but that an ill placed
confidence in man, too base to do a generous act:
I grieve not that I fought, but that I indulged my
pride to soar beyond my purse: a soldier's tent and
table should be a soldier's ambition, nor suffer
eastern pomp to deck our fields,—I had not then
have met this sad disgrace.

CHARLES. Father, strive to live; I will with fister
Harriot, kneel to grandpapa; he loves us, and he's
rich, I'll pray him to pay your debts, then
we shall be happy, and when I am a man, I'll
fight too.

B. 3

HEART.

HEART. My lovely boy! it will not be: but could I live, your grandfather would never be appeased; I robbed him of your mother, for which he'll not forgive me; her fortune was above my hopes, my affection beyond my prudence: gaining her, I thought of no other passion; therefore your suit would be in vain, but to you he'll not refuse protection; and when a man, remember your King and Country demands your sword: but Charles, if fortune denies the means of shining in all the elegance of rival officers, act not as I have done; for every thing but honour and true courage, is superfluous to a soldier's name; pledge not your pay to money lenders, those pests to all society, and by which, I fear you will be too early deprived of a parent's protection.—My spirits sink, I would rest awhile.

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Parlour in Teafwell's House.**Enter Humanicus and Servant.*

HUMAN. IS Mr. Teafwell at home?

SERV. Yes, Sir, shall I inform him who waits?

HUMAN. Humanicus. [Exit Servant.

Enter Teafwell.

TEAS. Your servant Sir, pray be seated—
To what may I owe the honour of this visit?

HUMAN. To the cause of humanity: I come
from Captain Heartly, a prisoner at your suit.

TEAS. Well, Sir—what proposals has he to
make?

HUMAN. His proposals I am unacquainted with,
but am myself keeper of the prison, and wish you
much to see him, that you may release him.

TEAS. Release him—why I have no objection,
if he pay debt and costs—for you know, Mr. Hu-
manicus, I have nothing to do with any thing
less; principal and interest, Mr. Humanicus.

HUMAN. Well Sir, come with me, I hope you
will be satisfied.

TEAS. I'll go at your request, but know not
to what purpose.

[Exit Humanicus and Teasewell,

SCENE Heartly discovered fainting in Amelia's arms,
Eliza supporting her; Trueman with a Child on
each knee.

Enter Humanicus and Teasewell.

HUMAN. See there, Sir, can you behold those
objects and refuse relief? Oh! Mr. Teasewell,
mercy is the divine attribute of heaven, nor can
you ask it at the throne of grace, if you withhold it
here: I have been too much accustomed to sights
of sorrow, but never did I feel for one like this—
a brave man bending under every woe that penury
and wretchedness can heap—a lovely wife and un-
offending offspring.—Teasewell forgive the debt.

TEAS. Forgive the debt! and so by acts of
mercy, come here myself; give me my principal
and interest, and his discharge you shall command;
but without that, in justice to myself, I will not do it;
for though I were possessed of all the virtues you ask,
and as many more as would fill up the catalogue of
cardinal ones, had I not money in my purse, I
might unpitied lie where that red-coated fool does
now.

AMELIA.

THE CAPTIVE.

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AMELIA. *(comes forward, and kneels)* Are you my husband's plaintiff?

TEAS. Yes, Madam. *(a pretty woman! Aside.)*

AMELIA. If ever soft humanity ever touched your breast, if ever the tender tye of wife or child linked you to life or comfort—pity us!

ELIZA. *(Comes forward with the Children, who kneel)* Good Sir, to ask your own is all mens right; but where it cannot be had, where is the benefit you would expect, or where the hopes of payment? by throwing this unhappy man into prison, you rob society of a useful member, and his family of their support, depriving yourself of the most distant hope of payment, or restitution; surely this is inhuman and impolitic: give, Oh Mr. Teasewell! give Captain Heartly his discharge! restore him to the world, and bless his unoffending family.

TEAS. I've heard you, and confess beauty like your's with such persuasion, might tempt me to forego my purpose: but why should I, because he's a man give him his liberty? is not revenge a glorious pleasure? he had my money, for which I keep his body in durance; to me, of equal satisfaction; I care not, I have enough, but if I am not paid, I will have something.

AMELIA. Did you say would have something? Alas! what can you ask? he has it not; but if sold into perpetual bondage can give my husband freedom, most cheerfully would I accept the terms, nor weep, though sinking under my hard task; the torrid

torrid zone for me would have no terrors, were but my Heartly safe.

TEAS. Forbid it, gentleness, that loveliness like yours should feel a chain but those that love has forged; you can by easier terms release him.

AMELIA. Blessed sound! and will you then relent?

TEASE. If you please, he's free.

AMELIA. Oh! Mr. Teafewell, words want their power of utterance, but name the terms.

TEASE. They are in your power.

AMELIA. Quick, name them while my Heartly lives!

TEAS. It's in your power.

AMELIA. Be speedy in your demand—I am on the rack of hope—

TEASE. Madam——pardon my bold request, beauty like yours will plead the presumption——make me happy, and your husband's freedom then command.

AMELIA. Monster——assassin——away!

[turns from him.]

TEASE. Pretty romantic beggar! but I will have you yet, (going to Heartly) Heartly, you know you are my prisoner, and such must be during my pleasure——Is liberty worth notice?

HEART. Why, Teafewell, do you ask, within whose flinty breast humanity had never dropped her milk.

TEASE. Because I'll give it you,

HEART.

HEART. And I for it would thank you, though now of little use.

TEASE. Heartly, six hundred pounds is money; that sum you had of me, to furnish what you called camp equipage—I am not paid, and now am asked humanely to give you a discharge, and so trust to honour—a poor security; I will have something else.

HEART. What can you ask of such distress which now surrounds you?

TEASE. Heartly, your wife is handsome; bring her to reason, and I am your friend.

HEART. Teasewell, you are a villain! my ~~date~~ of life is short: but could it be prolonged unto a thousand years, and every day a sunshine of bright fortune, I would not gain it by Amelia's loss.

TEAS. Thou fool, I've done; keeper, guard this man of honour, for he ne'er comes out. [Exit.

HUMAN. I fear, without your will, he must go out too soon.

Enter Benevolus.

BEN. Where's one Trueman to be found?

HUMAN. There, Sir, doing the last office to a dying man.

BEN. Trueman, though sorry for the cause, I am glad to see you know the duty of a christian, and I come to try your fortitude; your wife and children are ill.

TRUE,

TRUE. Oh God! thou great disposer of all human events, what more affliction will you heap on this devoted head? Oh! load me not with more than I can bear, for now the measure of my woes are full: and must I lose my Sally? she who's brav'd the fiery cannon's mounth to bring a little water to her Trueman, and must I be denied a sad—a last farewell? my child too, the dearest pledge of unfeigned affection? Oh! cruel bondage—Oh! Benevolus—Oh! my honoured master.

[Strikes his forehead.]

BEN. Cease, or I shall find myself no more a man—I've brought your discharge, and will pay your fees, and sorry I am I ever arrested you; which I should not have done, had not one of your own friends persuaded me you had money, join'd to my lawyer's advice; but what I've done I now repent:—but come, my honest fellow, I am convinced I was wrong, and will make you what restitution I can, your wife nor child wants for nothing, nor shall while I have a joint of meat in my shop.

TRUE. Benevolus, I would thank you but—

BEN. I tell you, Trueman, I want them not, your forgiveness will seal my peace; the debt I never will demand, and that is but a poor compensation for liberty deprived:—but Trueman—Who is that gentleman, can I assist him, I have some money earned by hard labour, and it never shall be withheld when a worthy fellow wants it.

TRUE. And worthy he is indeed, Benevolus—I have fought under that man, and never was there

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A nobler officer: his soldiers were his brothers, and his pride to protect and cheer them in the hour of severe duty, to share their hardships, lessen their fatigue, and lead them on to deathless fame, was all his glory: alas! how chang'd is now that noble man under whose brandish'd sword, the foe has trembling shrunk.

BEN. I've heard enough—Come Sir, cheer your drooping spirits, if honest Ben can serve you, why he will.

HEART. I thank you Sir—and would most gratefully—accept your generous offer—But Oh!—the celestial regions open to my view—I am faint—Amelia—farewell—grieve not—I go a little before you—my fleeting soul will wait your blest arrival to those serene abodes where sorrow is unknown—Charles—Harriot—love—your—[Dies.]

TRUE. He's gone! the worthiest soul that ever faced a foe.

AMELIA. (*distraughtingly*) Heartly, speak—What not a word for your Amelia! and are you gone, unkind one! who now shall protect your poor wife and children? who now will lift their hand to save them? closed are those eyes which once so brightly shone.—Oh! savage laws that laid my Heartly low, and is insolvency so great a crime that man must die, because he is in debt? the common thief shall have a tryal, and be perchance acquitted; but this my Heartly was denied, and unfriended he fell a sacrifice to impolitic law.—Oh! Britain, thou first of famed and happy Nations, whose

whose grand bulwark is commerce, and confidential faith; under whose banner Turks have met protection, and your own subjects you doom to wander pitiless on foreign shores, or die within a loathsome prison because he is in debt—
Oh! there's no faith or mercy in this world—
Heartly speak—my children—will no one comfort me? [weeps.]

HAR. Mamma, what can we do, the comfort I would give, I want myself, but heaven will provide a balm: I grieve my honoured father's death, but it's the will of him who made us, and to his fixed degrees you have often said we must submit.—
Charles, speak to our mother—now our only parent. [weeps.]

CHAR. (as if choked with grief) Sister—I cannot speak—my heart's too full—but when I grow up I'll be unto my mother a protector, to you a father—till then God won't desert us. Mother—

AMELIA. My pretty infants—now my only care—Oh! there he lies, that should protect us all—unkind one to leave us in a bad world that measures not our virtues by our woes.

[throws herself on Heartly's body.]

HUMAN. Madam retire, I pray, and think how much your God demands submission to his will: he will not ask in vain, and fortitude to bear your heavy loss is now your duty; I would I could say more to calm your mind, but want the power of utterance: full twenty years have I been a weeping witness

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witness to many sorrows, and grieved to find relief beyond my reach.

BEN. Trueman, what can I do for this sad suffering family? (to Eliza) Madam, I've no fine words, but honest Ben will not refuse his purse, and if ten guineas can assist the poor afflicted lady—why it's at her service. [gives money to Eliza.

ELIZA. Thou good old man! for thee the heavens a blessing has in store; virtue like thine cannot go unrewarded, and such poor thanks as I can give, I pray receive. [during this speech, Amelia continues on the body, on each side a child kneeling, Trueman weeping.

BEN. My service wants them not.

HUMAN. What can I do to close this scene of woe. (to Amelia) Rise Madam, and leave this place of sorrow, I will myself attend your husband's corse; nor shall his memory want a monument within this breast.

Would creditors their proper interest know,
We should not often weep these scenes of woe.

Curtain Drops.